But here without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Prin. Sweet health and faire desires consort your grace.

Kin. Thy owne wish wish I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to mine owne heart.

La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.

Boy. I would you heard it grone.

La.Ro. Is the soule sicke?

Boy. Sicke at the heart.

La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good?

La.Ro. My Physicke sayes I.

Boy. Will you prick't with your eye?

La. Ro. No poynt, with my knife:

Boy. Now God saue thy life.

La.Ro. And yours from long liuing.

Ber. I cannot stay thanksgiuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?

Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometime if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light I desire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you sir whose daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Long. Gods blessing on your beard.

Boy. Good sir be not offended,
She is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is a most sweet Lady. *Exit Long.*

Boy. Not vnlike sir, that may be.

Enter

Enter Berowne.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

Boy. To her will sir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

Boy. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*

La. Ma. That last is *Berowne*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a iest.

Boy. And euery iest but a word.

Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.

La.Mn. Two hot sheepes marie.
And wherefore not Ships:

Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feede on your lips.

La. You sheep & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me?

La. Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though seu erall they be,

Boy. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be iangling but Gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed.
On *Navar* and his Bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.

Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lies
By the hearts still Rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)
Deceiue me not now, *Navar is* infected.

Prin. With what?

Bo. With that which we Louers in title affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make the retire,
To the Court of his eye, peeping through desire.
His heart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see.
Did stumble with haste in his eye sight to be,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire: